

Family Life in Switzerland.

Cornhill Magazine.

Since the application of the Code Napoleon to Switzerland, families may be regarded roughly as joint-stock companies, managed by the parents for the common benefit. It is known that when both parents die the estate will be divided into equal portions among the children, boys and girls sharing alike. All money, therefore, which is drawn from the estate by sons or daughters for extraordinary purposes is debited against them. If a boy, for instance, elects to be a doctor, he anticipates his share in the eventual division. All labor expended by them on the estate is reckoned to their credit. If a boy stays at home and works like a farm servant, he acquires a future claim in proportion to service rendered. It is for the interest of each member to pay off debts upon the property or to increase its value. Consequently when a son goes out into the world, after his education has been completed, it is expected of him to remit a portion of his earnings to the family fund. This stands in lieu of work he might have done at home, and also as a recognition of his early rearing. The precise amount to be thus contributed by individuals is determined by feeling and instinct more than by any fixed rule. The system cannot have the exactitude of a mercantile concern; yet it approximates to that standard. The result is that both sons and daughters in a Swiss family feel it their duty either to discharge personal functions in the home or else to send a part of their gains yearly back to the common stock. Not unfrequently a son gives the father or mother all that he has made for several years. If he has received advances from the family estate he applies his savings to the repayment of this loan. But the time comes when he thinks himself justified in founding a private estate. Then he opens an account at the bank; and from that moment forward his expenditure is more economical, his profits sensibly increase. So important is the principle laid down by Aristotle that social institutions depend upon the things men own and love as their particular possessions.

The relations in which Swiss people stand to their *Gemeinde* (Commune), and to their family, determine their conduct in a very remarkable degree. Whithersoever they go in the world, whatever occupation they engage in, they never lose that tie of interest, as well as of sympathy which binds them to their birthplace. It is there, if the worst comes to the worst, that they have rights of maintenance. It is there, that when the old folk die, they can reckon some scrap or shred of the fields beloved in boyhood. Consequently they only emigrate for a season, with the object of amassing capital; and after running adventures in all parts of Europe, they most frequently marry a woman of their own village. The Swiss rarely become colonists in our Anglo-Saxon sense of the word. They rarely build up large fortunes in foreign countries. What they want to do is to make money, and to come back better off than their neighbors who stayed at home. They are modest in their desires, for a very moderate amount of wealth places them in a superior position among their kindred. Such being their scheme of conduct, they naturally prefer to take a home-bred girl to wife. She will appreciate the goods of fortune they have won; she will not be above the services demanded from a housekeeper. She will inherit something to be added to her husband's property. With more of ease and comfort than they enjoyed in boyhood, they look forward to renewing the old round of homely joys and duties. This abnegation of vulgar ambitions, this piety for the past, this contentment with the solid things of the world, demand our respect. The social institutions of the commune and the family, as they are framed in Switzerland, contribute largely to the state of things I have described. We must also make allowance for the sense of personal dignity, inalienable from a Swiss burgher, who in his own place has no superior, and who is eligible to the highest political offices of his national government. But I am fain to imagine that, over and above all these considerations, the romance of the Swiss mountains has something to do in creating this attachment of their people to its soil.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes everyone in the company pleased with himself.—*Addison*.

HUMAN LIFE.

BY REV. J. REID SHANNON.

He said: Human life is a tangled skein. Life with its afflictions and troubles makes up a problem that is the supreme mystery of the ages—a problem whose solution must be adjourned to the day of eternity. Here we come face to face with locks that we have no key to fit. Here we voyage upon waters that we have no plummet to fathom. God never intended that our life in this world should be one of song and music—one of tropical bloom and verdure. The divine order of things is such that the threads of trouble run through the warp and woof of every life. Sooner or later, above every one wave "the oaks of weeping." We start out in this world expecting to cross the Jordan and enter the Canaan that is full of trailing vines and rich pasture-lands and beautiful olive fields, but like Moses of old we die on this side of the Jordan, viewing from the Mount Nebo of disappointment the Canaan of our hopes from afar. True it is that our life has its days of rosy dawn and golden noon-time and gorgeous sunset. But a change comes, and the serene blue of summer hours merges into the cold gray sky of wintry days. The birds are songless, and life seems like a garden of blighted flowers. God intends that these changes from the bright to the dark side of life shall be to us full of everlasting benediction. The seasons of nature are made fruitful and healthful by having the fair weather interrupted by foul weather. It is the going down of the sun and the on-coming of the night of darkness that unvail to us countless worlds of brightness. As in nature so in our life. Were we never overshadowed by trouble what a charm would we find in this world. It would be to us as a land flowing with milk and honey. How sweet and fragrant would be its flowers! How bright and radiant would be its rainbows! We would want to build our tabernacles on earth and remain here, and like the Vienna nobleman of whom Luther speaks, we would say, "If God will only give me this world to enjoy He can keep heaven to himself." It takes more grace to bear prosperity and be true to one's soul than it takes to bear up under adversity.

When a man is living in the tropics of perpetual sunshine it takes a great deal of divine grace to keep him from forgetting the God above him and the immortality beyond him. As Bunyan's pilgrim in the Arbor of Ease lost the roll out of his bosom, so has it been with many a professed Christian in the arbor of prosperity. In the troubles and misfortunes that come to people there is a voice that says: "Arise and depart for this is not your rest." Many there be who enter the Promised Land of surrender to God only after they have crossed the desert of some great affliction. God gets possession of many hearts only when they have been broken by trouble. As what are called "four o'clocks" bloom only when the sun is going down, so many people bloom spiritually only when the sun of their earthly hopes has gone down below the horizon. Upon the dusty graves of sepulchered hopes have bloomed flowers of immortal fragrance. The royal Kohinoor amid the jewels of God's promises is "that all things shall work together for our good if we love God." Then all apparent adversities will carry beneath their surface everlasting prosperity. Then every wind that strikes us in this life will be a south wind, having in its bosom eternal warmth and sweetness and blessing.

They Were Country Boys.

New York Correspondent.

The three big men of Wall street are Jay Gould, Russell Sage and Cyrus W. Field. Each are country-bred boys, each started without money, and each is worth millions today. All that they have they have made themselves. In Gould and Sage the commercial instinct is very strongly developed. They are masters of finance. So is Cyrus W. Field, but he possesses faculties of mind and manner that are totally lacking in Gould and Sage. Field is fond of rare works of art. He owns some very valuable pictures. He has a fine library, and he is fond of society and likes to entertain and be entertained. He is a man of liberal education. He is well up in the classics. He knows a great deal about politics, art, religion and science. He is fond of the poets, and he enjoys a good novel. Gould seems to have but one object in life. He is a great money-maker. He is worth over \$100,000,000.

000. Yet he works as hard for a dollar as any man in New York. Field is not so fond of money. He is worth \$25,000,000 and doesn't seem to care to make more. He is resting now. His life has been an active one, and he can afford to take the world easy. There is no busier man on this continent, however, than Sage. During working hours no day laborer works harder than he. He is full of vim and dash, and although his hair is white he has still a seemingly inexhaustible supply of youthful vitality. No one knows the full value of a dollar any better than Sage, and no one knows how to hold on to it better. He has the reputation of being small, and mean, and stingy, but it is undeserved. He gives liberally to those who deserve it, but he does not open his purse to those who are as well able to work as he. Having made all his money himself, he knows its true value, and a score of times while engaged in big financial operations he has found it to be his best friend. In his home, Mr. Sage is one of the most delightful men. His home is a palace. All that money can do to make it comfortable has been done. In society he is as gallant as a Chesterfield, and in the society of ladies he is as charming in manner as a girl with her first beau.

How A Woman Buys Shoes.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home, she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look, and sees if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, steps suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her betterhalf that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so that she can see how they look, turns it in every possible direction and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them off on or three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter, indeed.

Unsuspected disorders of the kidneys are responsible for many of the ordinary ailments of humanity which neglected, develop into a serious and perhaps fatal malady. Experience would suggest the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. Sold by Dr. W. H. Fleming.

Business Courtesy.

In visiting business offices one meets a great variety of persons. Most are kind, courteous, and accommodating; others are fair to medium in these respects; another class—fortunately very small—are in ill humor nearly all the time, full of gruffness, and cranky, having much of the nature of such unpleasant and fretful animals as bears and porcupines; a fourth class are languid and indifferent in their replies to civil questions, and are apt to be tintured more or less with a sort of superciliousness and a well developed self importance. These persons appear to think that if they would unbend, throw off their awful dignity, and try to be accommodating, they would not be estimated at their true worth and importance. This class is generally composed of young men who have more conceit than good sense, and it requires a good many years for some of them to get cured, the time required for a cure depending upon the vigor of their mental constitution. The newspaper man has met all of these characters and "sized them up," and can pigeon hole them as rapidly as a postal clerk can pigeon letters.

Appetite and sleep may be improved, every part of the system strengthened and the animal spirits regain their buoyancy by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. For sale by Dr. W. H. Fleming.

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THE OPIUM HABIT.

The Most Abject of Slaves—Is There Any Emancipator?

The New York papers lately published a very pathetic story about a very popular emotional actress. It was to the effect that she had become a confirmed victim of the opium habit, involving an almost total loss of physical and mental powers, and actual destitution.

The story was at once denied by her friends, who say she has suffered simply from nervous prostration, is in no need of pecuniary aid, and is on the way to speedy recovery.

Opium victims are usually hopeless, helpless slaves, mind weakened, lacking energy for any effort toward recovery, rapidly drifting into imbecility and untimely graves.

A peculiar feature is that victims craftily conceal it from their nearest friends. A young lady at school near Philadelphia was recently found to be secretly addicted to it, keeping her "medicine" in a school-room inkstand, and injecting the fluid into her arm with a sylographic pen!

In the *Chicago Farm, Field and Stockman*, September 24, 1887, is this letter signed S. T. O., from Barstow, Ky.: "I missed the paper that had my letter in, so I did not know you made the request to know what it was I used to break up the morphia habit, until I got a letter from a gentleman asking information. I should have answered sooner. It was Warner's safe cure. I should have given it when I wrote the letter, but it looked too much like an advertisement."

This voluntary statement goes to confirm the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's safe cure, that it is the only remedy in the world which has any decided power over diseases of the kidneys and liver, and that this terrible habit cannot be cured until these organs have first been restored to full health, because they are the ones chiefly affected by this drug.

Editor Wm. A. Bode, of Alton, Ill., was completely cured of the opium habit, acquired by long use in a painful malady, with Warner's safe cure. It cannot be cured at all if the kidneys and liver are diseased.

It is not claimed that there is anything in Warner's safe cure alone which will do away with the habit, except that it puts the kidneys and liver in a healthy condition, giving the whole system that strength and tone without which any attempt to throw off the habit would be vain.

It is because physicians have discovered that no other remedy is so beneficial in restoring health to the liver, kidneys, and general system as the one stated that it has come into general use in connection with the special remedies for the cure of the dreadful opium habit.

One of the worst features of the opium habit is the deadening of mental and moral sensibilities in proportion as it weakens the physical system and will power.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

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